

A TRUE  
RELATION  
OF THE  
GELDING

Of a Lascivious

Franciscan-Fryer,

On BOARD the

EXCHANGE-FRIGAT

By the BOATSWAINS BOY.

*As it came in a Letter to a Merchant in London from  
Legorn. Dated Octob. 18.*

*13 Nov. 1680.*

**W**E are, thanks be to God, Arrived safe at  
Legorn. Amongst several Eminent pas-  
sages that we met with in our Voyage  
from Scanderoon, there is one I cannot forbear to ac-  
quaint you of, and the rather because you know what  
Discourse past between the Captain—and my self in  
our different opinions about the Papists way of Dying,  
and the strange Spirit that Acts that party of Men, that  
would fain make us to claim their Saintships.

In June last we were at *Cyprus*, where we received a *Popish* Priest on Board, of the Order of *St. Francis*, who came in a little Bark over from the *Holy Land*, where he had been to Worship the Holy Sepulchre; he gave a large Account of his Pilgrimage, the Hardness and Tedioufness of his Travels, the several Dangers and Difficulties of his Journey: But withall, the great satisfaction he had taken in to blest an Undertaking, behaving it at his first coming, as if an austere mortified life and he had been well acquainted; whereby he endeavoured to perswade the Commander and Ships-Company, that as was his habit, such was his heart, greatly Religious and Devout. The Boatswain hath a Lad of great Innocency, and comely of Body, to whom this *Franciscan* presently began to joyn, and to Consort himself with; and whenever he could get him alone, would not only be giving him what good things he could obtain for him, but also be pressing Money upon him: All which the Lad could digest very well. But then the Priests undecent behaviour towards him, every foot kissing and flabbering his face, and thrusting his hand into his Breeches, not only rendered the Company of this *Sodomitish Franciscan* Priest, very troublesome and burdensome to him, but increased the Lads wonder, what the Fryer would be at, as no way apprehending his meaning.

At last he grew so unsufferably impudent to the Boy, as made him decline being alone for his sake; and complaining to his Master the Boatswain, and two other of the Ships-Company, then in the Cabbin, they could not forbear smiling to think what a Sanctimonious *Sodomitish* Hypocrite they had got Aboard; and the better to detect his Hypocrisie, and lay open his Roguery, told the boy in plain terms what they guesst the Priest

Priest would be at, and therefore advised him to defend himself from him as well as he could; scarce had he got from these persons, but the Priest followed him in all places where he could meet him alone, thrusting his privy Members into the boys hands, with other such-like abominable treatments, not fit to be named. The poor Youth being by this means almost wearied of his life by this prophane Priest, consulted ways how to get rid from the continual Conversation of such a beastly wretch, at last was advised to fall upon this course.

He gets a good Courage, and at last pretends to yield to his Lust, appointing him a dark place in the Ship, at such an hour to meet him, and to let him have his will of him; at which the Priest was so over-joyed, that he gives the Lad a sum of money, and many kisses, and so departs. At the time appointed the boy comes there, having first provided himself with a good Knife, which he had prepared on purpose, made as sharp as a Razor: The Priest, he is for Courting the boy to pull down his breeches, the boy bids the Priest pull down his first; at which the Priest made not many words; but the boy not being so forward as he, he begins with his old trade of thrusting his Privy-members into the boys hand, which he never suffered him to do so willingly before; for so soon as he had got good hold of it, he cuts it off to the very root, leaving only the stump to distinguish Sexes; at which the Fryer roared out, and made such an horrible Cry, that affrighted the Ships Company that were near that place, who all come running to them with what haste they could make; and having a light brought them, there they found the poor Bugging-Fryer with his breeches about his heels, and his shirt about his waste, and his hand upon his wounded parts,  
not



not daring to let go, lest all the blood should run out of his beastly body, and he dye upon the spot.

The Chyrurgeon of the Ship and his Mate were soon called, and all possible means used to stench the blood; which, in fine, they did, and by Application of proper Medicines, set him upon his legs again, that he was able to walk into the *Larazetto*, among others to undergo his quarantine, as is usual; but so soon as the wound was healed, and himself well, he flees out of the *Larazetto* before his time, and marches off, having never been heard of to this day.

Yours,

J. M.

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